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SISTER VS. SWEETHEART.

Her hands touch'd skillfully the keys.

stand that I had reserved rights and
visedly, especially to invest in a business subject to all the fluctuations of
the market. And now he never spoke
of it only as his own, and I had helped
him to it all, and he had forgotten it.
In my morbid state of feelings I
found so many bitter things of which
to complain to myself. We had been
married four years and during that

Her hands touch'd skillfully the keys, fatch note cause forth most finely. A states besert it ought to please. She played it so divinely. But cross the room with littless onse He sat and yawned unkindly.

Her hands upon the keys were laid, Like sport-ve frogs they denoted, Twas hard to tell what note she'd play'd, So roumingly she practed! But there he stood and turned each page, And spemel, in truth, entranced.

And whom her hum drum notes were done
He said mucht could resist her.
He swore the souts be coul the sut
Had liken d—then he kas d hor,
But ah, you know this pretty one
Was not the fellow a sister.

—Edward A. Fuller, in Judge.

MY PATRIMONY.

How My Husband Removed an Unjust Suspicion.

Aunt Fanny had just come to make her usual summer visit and I had proudly taken her through the house to have her adm're the improvements made

"It is all very ulee and convenient, dear," she said, as she sea'ed herself in the easy-chair I offered her, "but did you never regret giving those bonds to your lasband, May?" "Most assuredly not, auntie. Why?"

"Because I thought it very unwise and that some day you would bitterly regret it. It was your poor father's property and should have been retained in your own name I am sure."

"Now, don't worry, nuntle, please. You came to have a pleasant visit with us. Ella has been nearly frantic with del git since I told her you were com-

us. Ella has been nearly frantic with del ght since I told her you were coming.

The child, yes. She is a dear little thing, to be sure! But do you know that if your husband should die to-day she would inherit the property you gave him. If she were your own child it would be different."

"But she is mine, all I have, certainly. I love her dearly, and hope to be a good mother to her, notwithstanding all the bitter things written and said against step-mothers."

"Yes, and you are a good mother to her. But to suppose still, farther. If she, too, should be taken away then your property would not revert to you, but go to her relatives, of whom you know nothing, would that be right?"

"Perhaps not. But why do you say these dreadful things? She and her father are as likely to live as L. And then a wife is entitled to dower."

"Yes, the interest from one-third of what her husband leaves. Inserting

"Yes, the interest from one-third of what her husband leaves. Just the interest, mind you. And you gave him the means to go into business. You know he failed once, and may, possibly,

again."

"But he paid up every penny," I flashed back, proudly.

"I know, and it was right; but, con-

sequently you married a poor man with a child as well as a wife to support on m clerk's salary." "You forget, auntie, that he still had this beautiful home when all his credit-ors had been fully paid; the home in which Ella was born and where his poor

"I forget nothing! and what I re-

"I forget nothing! and what I remember with the greatest bitterness is your unadvised act of yielding up your little patrimony, intrusted to me by your dying father for you, and that you took no obligation for it whatever."

"But," I replied, "he invested it in a business which supports us nicely. Besides, it was not his fault. He wanted me to have interest-bearing notes, or to be the company in the business, as if I would! and I told him never to mention the subject to me again, and he never has."

"Then all! have to say is you were very silly as well as imprudent."

But it was not all she had to say, even to telling me that a certain match-making mother had said that my husband would have preferred one of her daughters if she had held property in her own right as I did. That he needed the money and married me simply to obtain it.

"Don't, aunty, please." I said with a little shiver.

"Nor would I but to convince you

"Nor would I, but to convince you that he should have secured your little property to you, if only for the opinion of others."

property to you, if only for the opinion of others."

"It is all right just as it is. Ah! here comes Ella." and my dear old wordly wise aunt forgot to lecture in her delight at seeing the little fairy who nearly smothered her with kisses.

But I had received a lurt that rankled like a thorn in the flesh. And so Mrs. Jones thought he married me for my money? And perhaps others have the same opinion? Of course I knew he did not, and said it over and over again to myself as I helped out one servant to precare the evening meal.

And when my husband came with his hearty, cheery welcome for Aunt Fanny I looked wistfully in his face for an answer to my mental question, for question it would become in spite of my firm determination to ignore it as such. Once more during Aunt Fanny's stay

Once more during Aunt Fanny's stay did she attempt to renew the conversa-tion interrupted by Ella's entrance. But I only said: "If you please, auntie, I would rather not say anything more

about that." And she who thought s'e was only striving for my interest, replied, coldly: "Pardon me, May, I shall not offend

Offend you, who have been father mother and auntie all in one?" and I kissed her as I had ever done since she drew me away from her only brother's coffin, hiding her own grief to assuage

when I used to have the sulks and you would take me out hunting—hunting sunshine, you called it?" I often think of it when things go wrong, as they must occasionally, and wish you with me to go hunting sunshine."

"Yos, I remember. You were a great comfort to me, and I am afraid I have never quite forgotten the man who

never quite forgotten the man who coaxed my brother's only child away from the lonely old maid."
"And the best friend a wayward girl ever had." I replied.

ever had." I replied.

But somehow, after Aant Fanny's visit my thoughts and feelings were not the same. Had I been unwise, as she said, in giving up everything to my husband? And had he been too eager to accept it? I was fearful it was even so. He should have made me under-

married four years and during that time many improvements had been made in the house and around it, in-curring an expense of some thousands of dollars. My slightest wish in regard to a convenience or modern change was satisfied almost as soon as ex-

was satisfied almost as soon as expressed. And it was, as I said to my
aunt: "a beautiful home."

But what if it was? It was with my
money it had been embellished and
made more valumble, and he could
easily afford to be lavish in expenditure.

"My money used to beautify his
home." I said, bitterly, glancing at my
inndsome surroundings.

handsome surroundings.

When mine and thine are having a When mine and thine are having a battle, love and tende ness flee from the contest. And at times I was frightened at the hard, bitter thoughts I was hiding from my husband, or fancied I was hiding from him.

"What is it, May?" he once said with a lock of wistful tenderness. "Are you quite well?"

"Never better," I replied, lightly, too thoroughly ashamed of the imp I was harboring to give it a name.

It was just a month since Aunt Fanny left us—a wretched month to me—when one evening my busband came in and gave me a folded paper. "Look, dear, and see if it is all right!

It was a certificate of deposit in the

It was a certificate of deposit in the bank for just the amount of the bonds I had given him four years ago. "If you prefer the bonds I can obtain them for you, but the interest is very them for you, but the interest is very low now, and that reminds me, you will have to trust me awhile for your accumulated interest. This is all I have saved from my business, but you are to have the interest, every penny."

"But whatever am I to do with it?" I asked, in amazed be wilderment.

"Why been a check best and many

I asked, in amazed bewilderment.

"Why, keep a check-book and spend your own money as you please," he replied, laughing heartily.

"And now is the embargo removed; and may I tell you how grateful I am for the use of the money, and how much more for the loving confidence displayed in tending it?"

I could not reply, for the little good left in me was growing, dismally, in the left in me was groping, dismally, in the valley of humiliation.
"I will consider silence consent, then

"I will consider silence consent, then. Have you never suspected how I secured your patrimony to you in case anything happened to me before I could repay you?"

"But I would not have any security, you know that?" I said, eagerly, snatching at the last ray of self-respect.

"But you did, all the same. This house with its two lots was deeded to you and the deed recorded the same day I received your bonds. So you see I have not only been using your money, but living in your house—Etta and I—for the past four years."

"Oh! why did you?" I asked.

"Why did I live in your house? Because I had nowhere else to live, and, besides, I rather liked it."

"You know what I mean. Why did you deed the place to me?"

"Because It was right to do so. I was acting as your guardian, and had-

was acting as your guardian, and had no right to use your property without giving security. Dou you see?"

"Yes, and now I am to deed it back

to you?"
"No, I like it just as it is."
"No, I like it just as it is." "I must write to Aunt Fanny, to-night," I said more to myself than him-

gravely. "I tried hard to not believe it, but just now I seem to myself such a perfect type of total depravity that I wonder you took me under any circumstances. —Mary T. Amcs, in Chicago Inter

Mineral Waters.

It is remarkable how the taste for natural and artificial mineral waters has grown in the last fifteen years. Well-to-do people rarely drink plain water. They have been led to prefer mineral or aerated drinks. It is questionable whether it is wise to introduce into the system the salts, sodas and long list of minerals which are held in solution in these naturally prepared waters. Some of them act powerfully on various parts of the system. News comes that there is a new water, pre-pared in Paris, that does not seem to be pared in Paris, that does not seem to be open to any objection, for it is simply distilled water charged with oxygen. Nine-tenths of the water used for drinking contains substances in solution deleterious to the human system. Nevertheless diseases result from the use of ordinary water. If distilled, however, and kept from the air, the fluid thus obtained is innocuous. This, added to oxygen, ought, on general principles. oxygen, ought, on general principles, to be wholesome, but those who can not get this gas would do well to dis-till, or at least boil, all the water they drink; but no mineral water should be partaken of unless under the advice of a physic an — Demorest's Monthly.

Shad in the Columbia River.

There has been some doubt expressed in several quarters as to whether the shad caught in the Columbia River were true shad, and descendants of those planted in California waters some years since. One reason for the doubt was that while the shad in California have attained their full growth, weigh-ing six pounds or more, the shad caught in the Columbia this season caught in the Columbia this season were, with few exceptions, no longer than those caught last year, and very few of them weighed over two pounds. It has, however, been established be yould doubt that the shad caught in the Columbia River are real shad. The Oregonian is in receipt of a communication from Hon. Spencer F. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fisheries, stating that several samples of the lish in question have been received. the fish in question have been received by him, from examination of which be has been enabled to determine the facts has been enabled to determine the facts in the case, and that there is no doubt whatever as to the occurrence of shad in the Columbia River. This settles the matter, and we shall hereafter be enabled to wre the with the bones in these fish with more complacency.—Portland Operanian. Oregonian.

-Judge McManus has given a writ-ten opinion that the chairman of a pub-lic meeting has a right to two votes in case of a tie. One while the ballot is lie meeting has a right to two votes in case of a tie. One while the ballot is being taken, and if such a ballot results in a tie, the chairman can give the casting vote in favor of either candidate. The ruling will interest a good many parliamentarians.—Hartford Courant.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

the Philosophical Manner in Which the Negroes Accept the Decrees of Provi-

Last summer while the writer was in Amella County, Virginia, the following incident occurred, illustrative of the pailosophical manner in which negroes secept the decrees of Providence. Amelia, it will be remembered, is one of the black counties. The negroe sceupy most of the old homesteads, and are given over to ignorance and superstition. The Wigwam, the old Harrison place, a house well known in Virginia, is surrounded on every side by hor ies of negroes, who own small tracts of land, and farm them. One of these sett-ements is at "the Lodge," once the property of Mr. Robert Archer, a distinguished Virginian gentleman of the old rogime, now, with all his decent-ants, dead and gone. My hostess and I were peeling peaches on the broad-veranda, when Mary Cesar, the dairy-

maid, appeared.
"Miss Anna, gimme piece o ight broad, please marm."

"Who is sick. Mary?" said Mrs.

H—, light bread being a axury proved for the ill negroes.

"Sister Rose Archer, marm." All

"Sister Rose Archer, marm. All colored people claim the fraternal relation, whether there is any in reality ones, if they are members of the same church, or have "experienced a change."

"Why, I thought Rose Archer lived in Richmond. What is the matter with

her?"
Mary's large greasy countenance
which rivalled a bombag as dress for
blackness, fairly shone.
"Well, Miss Anna, you member SiRose was marcied to Unk Crutch Hear
Archer's son William, on day movefum de Lodge to Richmond. "Bom
three weeks ago Sis Rose on William Imm de Leage to Richmond. Tout three weeks ago Ss Rose en Willum hed a fight bout some in's, en Sis Rose h t Willum Archer er nek on de head wid a stick er wood, and it kilt him, it pintly did. Willum Archer always was a s'ckly nigger. Well, Miss Anna she done all she could, en gin him er funer-al, en den, bein' ez she was a widder, and pore, she enne un to de Lodye to and pore, she come up to de Lodge to stay here 'longer Willam's daddy en mammy. Unk Crutch Henry were mighty 'flieted 'bouten Willam being kilt, 'cause he were de onliest son whar he bad, but Sis Rose say she gwine dar to be all de company she ken for Wil-lum's folks."

The peach knife fell. Mrs. H—though schooled to Amelia eccentric

though schooled to Amelia eccentricities, stood transfixed. Then she gasped.
"And William's father and mother let her stay there after killing their only son?"
"Miss Anna," said Mary in a pecularly soothing voice, "Unk Crutch Henry done ax Rose huck um she come to kill Willum Archer, en Sis Rose say she don't know huck um."
This was Monday Sunday afternoon

This was Monday. Sunday afternoon Mary reappeared, an expression of triumphant excitement in her eyes, though her manner was as gentle and deprecatory as ever.
'Sis Rose Archer dead, Miss Anna,'

"Sis Kose Archer dead, Miss Anna,"
she announced.
"Dead! When did she die?"
Mary smoothed her apron.
"Well, Tuesday mornin', Miss Anna,
Br'er Jeames Barksdale went to Court-House, en de sheriff sont Sis Rose word House, en de sherilf sont Sis Rose word to git ready, 'cause he was comin' to de Lodge Monday mornin' to git her en hang her for killin' of Willum Archer. En Sis Rose say ef de sheriff were com-in' to hang her, ex she were porely enyway, 'twa'n't weith while to git up, so she gwine die."

He indulged in a low whistle. I had unwittingly betrayed myself, and compromised with a full confession, oven to the grievous report that he had only married me for my little fortune.

"Did you believe that?" he asked, or and the second of night, en piease, auss Anna, lemme go to de funeral. Unk Crutch Henry gwine gin her a mighty niee buryin', bein' ez she was a widder, en Willum Archer was de onliest son he hed."—J. C. Cabel, in Editor's Drawer, Harper's

A CURSE. This is What the Possession of Too Much

The natural tendency of this age is towards too much expansion. Men are not satisfied with a moderate business, with making a good living and a rea-sonable sum besides; but they wish to amass millions, and so spread out and worry themselves prematurely old, and in a majority of cases die, leaving no more than they would had they confined themselves to the smallar fields and not having taken a tithe of the comfort they would have then enjoyed. The Rural New Yorker makes a note of this, and calls the attention of farmers to the fact calls the attention of farmers to the fact that in no business is this more the case than in farming. There is many a man who, when the owner of a single farm of lifty or one hundred acres, was a splendid farmer, keeping his fields clean and well cultivated, putting in his crops in good season and in the best order, and securing each as soon as mature, and keeping the best of stock, and thus made money, lived in confort, and, besides supporting his family well, laid by a small sum for a "rainy day," and was happy. But, ambitious to be rich, he reached out after amother farm, and since this was bought he has found so much work to do, so much business to look after, that he has not had time to do anything well; his fields are to do anything well; his fields are weedy, his crops, always sowed late and in a poor mauner, and not more than half manured or tended, give but poor return, and even these are not harvested return, and even these are not harvested until over-ripe, and then in a slovenly manner, leaving him no profit. As a result, he is always hard up, and works beyond his strength, walk his family have to get along with the bare necessaries of life, and no one has any time for comfort or happiness.

Is this a fancy picture? Look about and you will find its reality in every neighborhood. And many a one, burdened with too much land, would be glad to sell the surplus and return to

glad to sell the surplus and return to the home farm, only for a false pride. By far the safest and most sensible way is to be sure that one farm is improved all it can be, and made "as rich as a garden"—forced to produce its largest garden —forced to produce its largest crops at the greatest profit before another acre is added. As a rule larger profit lies in the direction of better farming and larger crops, rather than in more acres.—Clepchiad Leader.

-A female office-seeker in Washington maneuvered her way into the White House with six small children in tow, and made a most pathetic plea for an appointment which would enable her to support hor widowed brood. It was a neat bit of strategy, but it wofully miscarried when she was recognized by one PITH AND POINT.

sks an occhange. We know what pught to make, her popular. Respect for her father and a faculty for sharing the household work with her mother. -Philadelphia Call.

-Cooking schools are all very well in their way, but they won't reach their highest posei dity of good until they teach young girls who intend to get married how to build the kitchen ure. - Somerville dournal.

-A half-d naken Congressman once Horace topic of that he was plat to hear it. "I am a self-mate man." Horace topic of that he was plat to hear it. "I or," said be, "that relieves God of a great responsibility."—N. I. Mail.

-Old Friend-You ought to be proud of your wife, Tom. Hot-Yes? Old Friend-She's a most brilliant talker. Host -She ought to be. Old Friend - I could listen to her for a whole night. Host (wearily)-I often do. -N. Y.

.—A Baptist minister was once asked how it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter with a Presbyterian. "Well, my dear friend," he raplied, so far as I have been able to

replied. so far as I have been able to discover, Cupid never stud od theology."—Chicugo Times.

—"Little g'rl, do you know whose house this is?" asked a solema-look ag man of a bright child sealed on the clurch stops. 'Yes. sr; it is God'a, but He aint in," she addel, as the old gentleman was about to pass up the steps, "and His ago it's gone to Europe."—Christian Adecoase.

—A fushion item says: "Freuch even ing dresses for young girls of gram.

—A fushion item says: "French even ing dresses for young girls of cream colored Arab gause have kilt skirts, high bodiece with low linings, and no trimmings save a bangaline sash." We never saw "a young girl of cream-colored Arab gause"—sho must be a new and delicate variety—but we should think a kilt skirt of that description would look very well on lor.—Norratown Hera'd.

ber. Norristown Hera'd.

They were sailing on the beautiful waters of Minnetonka, and she looked up into his eyes and asked him to tell her about all the different boats. George, 'she said, 'what's a brig, a d a schooner, and a yacht and oh, George, what's that little fishing boat out there?" "That, Angio, is a smack." (Sweetly.) "George, couldn't-er-couldn'tyou give me a er — a fishing boat?"—Minneapolis Salurdny Mail.

Saturday Mail.

—The grocer's son, a good, dutiful boy, had never been away from homemuch, but stuck close to the shop all his life. His father was going to put up a new house, and one day the youth went to see how the workmen were getting along with the cellar. Ha came back breathless, white, excited. "Father!" the poor lad cried feebly. "Father! Father! Our everlasting fortune is made! The men digging the cellar have struck a sugar mine!" And he fell fainting to the floor.—Brooklys Eagle.

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.

An Old Negro's Method of Counting Eggs Not to le Commended. Old Mose, who sells eggs and chickens on the streets of Austin for a living, is as honest an old negro as ever ting familiarly with his customers, hence he frequently makes mistakes in counting out the eggs they buy. He carries his wares around in a small cart drawn by a diminutive donkey. He stopped in front of the residence of Mrs. Samuel Burton. The old lady herself came out to the gate to make

the purchases.

Have you got any eggs this morn-

"Have you got any eggs this morning. Uncle Mose?" she asked.
"Yes, indeed I has. Jess got in ten dozen from de kentry."
"Are they fresh?"
"I guantees 'em. I knows dey am fresh jess de same as ef I had liad 'em myse't."
"I'll take nine dozen. You can just count them into this basket."
"All right mum," he counts, "one, two, free, fonh, five, six, seben, eight, nine, ten." You kin rely on dem bein' fresh. How's your son coming on at de school. He mus' be mos grown." grown. "Yes, Uncle Mose, he is a clerk in a

bank at Galveston."

"Why how ole am de boy?"

"He is eighteen."

"You don't tole me so. Eighteen "You don't tole me so. Eighteen and getting a salary already, eighteen (counting), nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-free, twenty-fosh, twenty-five, and how's yore gal eomin' on. She was mes' growed up de las time I seed her."

"She is married and living in Dalles."

"Wall, I declar'. How de time scoots away! An you says she has childruns? Why how ole am de gal? She must be jess about—"

childruna? Why how ole am de gal? She must be jess about—"
"Thirty-three."
"Am dat so, (counting), firty-free, firty-foah, firty-five, firty-six, firty, seben, firty-eight, firty-nine, forty-forty-one, forty-two, forty-free. Hit am so singler, dat vou has sich old childruns. I can't bleeve you has gran childruns. You don't look morte den forty yeahs old, verseff."
"Nonsense, old man, I see you want to flatter me. When a person gets to be fifty-three years old.—"
"Fifty-free? I jess dun gwinter bleeve hit, fifty-free, fifty foah. fifty-five, fifty-six—I want you to pay tenshun when I counts de eggs, so dar'll be no mistake—fifty-nine, sixty-soah—Whew. Dat am a warm day. Dis am de time ob yeah, when I feels I se gettin' ole myse'f. I ain't long fer dis world. You comes from an ole family, When yore fodder died he was sebenty years ole."
"Seventy-two."
"Dat's old, suah. Sebenty-two.

'Seventy-two."
'Dat's old, such. Sebenty-two, sebenty-free, sebenty-foah, sebentysebenty-free, sebenty-foah, sebenty-five, sebenty-six, sebenty-seben, sebenty-sipht, sebenty-nine—and your mudder? She was one ob de noblest looking ladies I ebber see. You reminds me ab her so much. She libbed to mos' a hundred. I bleves she was done pass a centurion when she died."

"No, Uncle Mose, she was only ninety-six when she died."

"Den she warn't no chicken when she died. I know dat—ninety-six, ninety-seben, ninety-eight, ninety-nine one hundred, one two, free, foah, five.

one hundred, one, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight—dar 108 nice fresh eggs--jess nine dozen, and here am one mosh egg in case I has discounted myse't."

Old Mose went on his way rejoicing. A few days afterward Mrs Burton said

A few days afterward Mrs Burton and to her husband:
"I am afraid we will have to discharge Matilda. I am satisfied she steals the milk and eggs. I am positive about the eggs, for I bought them day before yesterday, and now about half of them are gone. I stood right there and heard Old Mose count them myself and there were nine dozen."—

Texas Siftings.

BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA,

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----HE ALSO KEEPS A----

ing, is as honest an old negro as ever lived, but he has got the habit of chatter for the form of the

-AND---

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